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PROF. JAMES'
EXPERIENCE TEACHING
A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

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IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

Guy A. Jamieson.

Author of "Hidden Gold," "Oaklawn Mystery," etc., etc.

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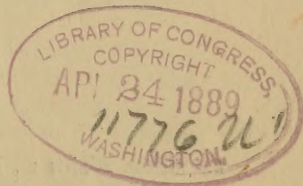
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—X—

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PROF. JAMES.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PROF. JAMES (*teacher of Oakflat school*).....
MR. WILLIAMS (*patron*).....
MR. KITCHEN (*patron*).....
MR. MARCH (*patron*).....
MRS. KINSEY (*old lady*).....
MISS MINNIE KINSEY (*daughter of Mrs. Kinsey*).....
MISS DENNIE BAREFOOT

PUPILS

—X—

COSTUMES—MODERN.

—X—

Time of Performance—1 Hour.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.,
[2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat
D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

PROF. JAMES' EXPERIENCE

TEACHING A COUNTRY SCHOOL,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PROF. JAMES seated in his room, reading.

Enter, MR. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams. Howdy do, young man. My name's Williams!

Prof. Good morning. (*shake hands*) I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Williams. Have a seat?

Mr. W. Are you the young feller what's going to teach our school down to Oakflat?

Prof. Yes, sir; I have the honor to be engaged as your pedagogue for the coming scholastic term.

Mr. W. What?

Prof. Your pedagogue for the coming year.

Mr. W. Uh, um, yes! (*scratches his head*) Well, then, guess I am mistaken! Squire Smith said that I would find the school teacher up here.

Prof. The Squire is right. I'm your school teacher.

Mr. W. You are? Thought you said you were a pedagogue?

Prof. Yes, I am.

Mr. W. You are both then—a pedagogue and a school-teacher?

Prof. Yes.

Mr. W. Look here, young man, didn't you know one thing was 'bout as many as one feller could tend to at a time? If you take my advise, young man, you'll quit bein' a pedagogue while you teach the Oakflat school. You don't look like you could do more'n a half dozen things at once nohow, an' besides we tried one of them fellers that tried to keep a couple of irons in the fire; an' as fer as school-teaching went, he was a failure. He might have done purty well as a corresponder—that's what he said he was.

Prof. Yes, he wrote for periodicals.

Mr. W. Not as I knows on. He said he was a corresponder, and I guess he oughter knowed his bizness; though they do say he did a sight of writing. But coming back to the pint, young man; if you want to teach our school this winter, I'd advise you not to try to be a pedagogue too.

Prof. You mistake my meaning, Mr. Williams; you perhaps have forgot that a school teacher is sometimes called a pedagogue.

Mr. W. No, I ain't forgot—I never knowed! Young man, is that the Latin fer school teacher? If it is you'd better shet your ribs on it, and keep it there. We had a teacher once that tried to talk us out of countenance with his Latin, and Screek——

Prof. Greek, you mean, Mr. Williams.

Mr. W. What do you know 'bout it?

Prof. Oh, nothing! I have only heard the language spoken of.

Mr. W. Well, you can call it Greek or Screek, just as you like, but don't you ferget it, we set down on that feller!

Prof. (*aside*) I see I will have to humor him. (*aloud*) And I think you did exactly right, Mr. Williams; if a teacher in our country schools, succeeds in teaching the free-school curriculum, they will do exceedingly well.

Mr. W. Kerkickulum? Say, young man, I'd advise you to pack your traps.

Prof. You surprise me, Mr. Williams. Pray what do you mean?

Mr. W. Mean? Haven't I told you that the citizens of Oakflat ain't took in no more by your Latiners and Greknerns, and you can count on it they ain't going to be koched by none of yer kerkickulurs—do yer see, young man?

Prof. I see you have mistaken my meaning again; curriculum means course of study.

Mr. W. An what's course of study?

Prof. Reading, writing and arithmetic.

Mr. W. Why didn't you say so? Say, young man, do I look like I had ever been a school-teacher?

Prof. (*aside*) Now I think I can use a little oil to advantage. (*aloud*) Yes, Mr. Williams, I was forcibly struck with your school teacherly appearance when you first came in, and was about to ask if you had not taught school at some time.

Mr. W. You are right, young man; I uster foller the profesh. I reckon I taught some of the best schools that was ever taught in old Clay county, Verginny. I taught three schools han' runnin' at old Coon Holler, an' they say I was a master teacher.

Prof. Indeed! And you are from old Virginia, the cradle of so many of our presidents?

Mr. W. (*looking pleased*) From thar; yes sir, old Verginny was my home fer thirty year.

Prof. Did you have any brothers that were school-teachers?

Mr. W. Yes, one—Bill was a school-teacher.

Prof. Indeed! Well, since I have been enjoying your conversation, Mr. Williams, I became convinced that I had met you somewhere; but since you spoke of your brother being a school-teacher, it must have been him.

Mr. W. (*agitated*) Where at, mister? Where did you see Bill?

Prof. I am not certain, Mr. Williams, that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting your brother: but one of my teachers, by the name of Williams, back in Tennessee resembles you very much, and——

Mr. W. Tennessee, did you say? It was Bill, mister! Yes, young man, it was Bill! I allers knowed Bill would make his mark. (*rising and grasping the PROFESSOR'S hand*) Young man, I'm powerful glad to see you; you seem like an old friend to me already, and

you went to school to Bill? Well, I'll be gol darned! Young man, I wouldn't have missed hearin' from Bill fer my gray sow and her litter of ten pigs. Well Bill's a smart one, ain't he, mister?

Prof. There is no doubting the fact, Mr. Williams, and it is remarkable—the resemblance between yourself and Prof. Williams—almost enough alike to be twins.

Mr. W. Twins? I should say so! Me an' Bill were the twinest twins you ever seed. And you call him perfesser, an' he has got to be a perfesser then? Well, I'll swan! I knowed Bill would make it, I knowed it! Let me have your han', mister! (*rising*) It seems as if I was with Bill himself. And you went to school to Bill? (*sits himself*) I guess Bill's a Latiner an' a Greekner, an' a Kerkickulur, an' a most anything else a feller would call ter?

Prof. The best professor of Latin and Greek in the Tennessee University.

Mr. W. Unerverserty! an' he has got to teachin' in universerties? Wonder he don't run fer president—you know he's from Verginny, mister, an' as you say, it's a master place fer presidents.

Prof. There is no doubt but that he would sway the sceptar of State with equity and justice.

Mr. W. (*looking surprised*) Yes, young man, I bet he would!

Prof. But that reminds me, he is spoken of as a very available candidate for State Superintendent.

Mr. W. (*rising*) You don't say so? Well I'll be golswiddled! Young man, I'd like to stay longer, but I must go an' let Sal know 'bout Bill; her brother run fer Constable, an' it give her the big-head fer a month, but guess when she hears that Bill's a candidate fer 'vailable Superintendent it will take her breath. Young man, I'm mighty glad you'r going to teach the Oakflat school this winter; I'd jest come over to give you a few pinters 'bout teaching, but guess if you went to school to Bill you understand the biz. An' 'bout yer Latin an' Greek, jest fling her in when you please, an' teach her when you get ready; an' darn the feller that sez a word agin it. You'r kinder slim, young man, an' if you need any assistance in your school let me know; they can't run over a feller that went to school to Bill—not if I know myself! Well, I must be goin', but I'm comin' 'round agin, an' I don't want you to wait fer me before you come 'round to see me an' Sal, an' we'll talk 'bout Bill some more. (*hesitates as if he would like to say something else—starts and turns*) Say, I liked to fergot to tell you how to come. You know this road out here that leads down to Oakflat?

Prof. Oh, yes!

Mr. W. Well, you don't take that; an' there is another road that runs right out here that goes up to Bowie—you don't take that one either.

Prof. I understand.

Mr. W. Well, I guess you have noticed a left hand road that branches off down here near that lightnin' struck tree?

Prof. I guess I'll have no trouble finding it.

Mr. W. Well, that is the road a piece of the way; but after you go it three long miles you'll come to a cross-road—well, you mustn't take the left han'.

Prof. I take the right hand then?

Mr. W. No.

Prof. Well, I won't interrupt you; now tell me just how I must go.

Mr. W. Well, you take a fork han' 'bout a mile this side of the cross-road.

Prof. It is perfectly clear now, and I guess I'll have no trouble finding the way.

Mr. W. Well, I must be going—good-day.

(*exit R.*)

Prof. Well, a rare specimen I must say! If I thought there were a few more of his kind in the neighborhood I would be tempted to turn over the school to them and seek a new field. I hope he is the only one in Oakflat district from Tennessee, or I am liable to get myself in a scrape. I see I shall have to keep my eyes open, or I'll find myself minus a school. (*knocking without R.*) There is some one knocking. I wonder if it is another visitor! (*opens door*)

Enter, MR. KITCHEN, R.

Mr. Kitchen. Is this Mr. James, the new teacher?

Prof. Yes, sir; what is your name?

Mr. K. Kitchen!

Prof. Have a seat, Mr. Kitchen. I'm extremely glad to see you. I believe you will send to me this winter?

Mr. K. I shall send for a few days, and if I like your methods of teaching I shall send my children the whole of the term.

Prof. Well, Mr. Kitchen, I shall do my utmost to merit your patronage, and I think you will find no fault with my method. How many did you say you would send?

Mr. K. Only seven! I would like to send all, but my five oldest will have to help me on the farm, and my six youngest are not old enough to attend regular in cold weather.

Prof. What are the ages of those you will send, and are they girls or boys?

Mr. K. Both. There are four boys aged seven, eight, nine and ten; they are Tom, Henry, Jim and Jack. And three girls aged eleven, twelve and thirteen; they are Mary, Sallie and Liz.

Prof. Just the right ages to be interesting.

Mr. K. That's just what the Parson was telling me the other day when he come over after a side of bacon. Well, Mr. James, I came over to have a private talk with you about school matters.

Prof. Proceed, Mr. Kitchen, with perfect confidence—we are alone.

Mr. K. Well, it's none of my business, but you are rather young, and a stranger in the neighborhood, and I thought I'd just come over and let you know how the land lay. Now Mr. Adams over here has two very bad boys that have been giving the teacher trouble for the two winters past, and I thought I would just drop in, as I said awhile ago, and suggest that you be very strict.

Prof. Exactly right, Mr. Kitchen, if there is one thing more than another that a teacher should be, it is to be strict, very strict—especially as you say, where there are rude boys.

Mr. K. Yes, but—but Mr. James you know as well as I do that all children are not of the same disposition, and—

Prof. Right again, Mr. Kitchen, I agree with you exactly; while there are some children of stubborn, morose dispositions that must be forcibly dealt with, there are others that are controlled by

milder means, by gentle persuasion, and by inspiring them with a love for their teacher.

Mr. K. Just what I was going to say, Mr. James. There are some you must learn to love you by kindness, and by noticing them—now all my little boys and girls have very sweet dispositions, the parson will tell you the same; they take it after their mother, and as I was just going to say, you will have to be very gentle with them, and I'm sure they will give you no trouble at all.

Prof. I think I perfectly understand you, Mr. Kitchen; your children are timid, a little bashful, sweet dispositioned little things. I know we shall get along nicely—I so much admire modesty.

Mr. K. I'm glad I came over, Mr. James, and learned your plan of teaching. I think you will succeed in teaching us a good school. I thought from your appearance that you hadn't taught much, but you seem to know pretty well how a school should be managed. Well, you must come over and see us, my wife will be glad to see you, and I think you will enjoy her company—she used to be a school-teacher herself; and I have an organ—and—two grown daughters, and between yourselves you might have a nice time.

Prof. Thank you, Mr. Kitchen, for your kind invitation. I shall be more than delighted to visit your interesting family.

Mr. K. (rising and looking pleased) Well, I must be going; good-day, Professor.

Prof. (making a sweeping bow) Good-morning. (*exit, MR. KITCHEN, R.*) Another one disposed of! An interesting gentleman—and two grown daughters! Ha, ha! Well, I hope he is the only gentleman that has two grown daughters that I shall be expected to visit. I see I shall have an interesting time. I'll not anticipate the battle, but I am anxious for the fray to begin.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I—School room—PROF. JAMES seated—hearing spelling class.

Enter, MR. MARCH, R.

Mr. March. Howd'y do, Mr. James!

Prof. Why, how do you do, Mr. March, I'm extremely glad to see you this morning! (*placing chair*) Have a seat? (*to class*) Class dismissed. (*to MR. MARCH*) The atmosphere this morning is rather frigid.

Mr. M. What?

Prof. I say the atmosphere this morning is frigid.

Mr. M. (staring around) Ain't seed any as I knows on.

Prof. I mean it's rather cold this morning.

Mr. M. Now you're talking—it's cold. Well, Mr. James, I ain't much on visitin' schools, but I've been hearin' some queer things floatin' round the neighborhood 'bout the way you teach, an' I jest come over to see fer myself if it was so; an' if it was, I'm going to stop my children from school.

Prof. Well, Mr. March, what is it you have heard that you don't approve of?

Mr. M. (pointing fore-finger at PROF. JAMES) Well, one thing is jest this, an' my boys an' gals said so too, an' yonder they set *(pointing to the opposite side of the stage)* on the back seat, ready to say so agin, an' you needn't to deny it. They said you'd get a great big pile of sand—some said dirt and some said sand—but my chaps said sand, an' I calculate they ain't fur wrong. Well, they said you'd pile a whole heap up in a pile an' then you'd say, "Children, this is a mounting." Then they said you'd make a little round pile, an' say, "Children, this is an ilant." An' then you'd string it out like a snake, an' say, "that's a transular;" an' then you'd dig a little trench with your finger an' say, "Children, this is a river." Then you'd dig a little hole an' say, "Children, this is a lake." Now, Mr. James, I'm an outspoken kind of a feller, an' you needn't get mad, but I say such tomfoolery won't wash! I didn't send my children up here to learn to play in the sand, an' go round callin' tater hills mountings, an' cottin rows transulars, an' post holes lakes, an' wagon ruts rivers, an' all sich nonsense; but I sent 'em up here to larn to read, an' write, an' spell.

While MR. MARCH is talking, pupils throw paper balls and occasionally snigger.

Prof. You are right, Mr. March, you should always look after the educational interests of your offsprings.

Mr. M. What?

Prof. You should see that those relying upon you have proper intellectual training.

Mr. M. I guess, Mr. James, you know what you are driving at, but confound me if I do.

Prof. I say that you are right in seeing that your children have proper teaching.

Mr. M. An' you needn't get scared but what I am! Yes, sir, that's my bizness here. I come up a purpose to see you pile that sand on that plank, an' to know what you done it for?

Prof. You have reference to my moulding board. I will get it and explain its use, and then perhaps you will see the advantage to be derived from it in teaching geography. *(procures board)* You see, Mr. March, the earth is divided into land and water.

Mr. M. Yes.

Prof. Now this land and water is sub-divided; the land into continents, islands, peninsulas; the water into oceans, lakes, rivers, etc. Now a child that has never seen any of these things has no clear conception of them, until their shape is presented.

Enter, MR. WILLIAMS, R., unobserved.

Mr. M. Uh um!

Prof. Well, now when I want to teach a child what a mountain is I pile up the sand in a long heap in this way, *(using the moulding board)* and say, "this represents a mountain."

Mr. M. It won't wash, young man, never had any sich tomfoolery when I went to school.

Mr. W. She washes—you bet she washes! Go ahead, Perfesser James, I've been wantin' to see you explain that thing fer a month, an' now perseed, an' March'll find out whether she washes or not.

Mr. M. Williams, do you mean to say that you uphold sich tomfoolery (*pointing to the moulding board*) 'as that?

Mr. W. Eggsactly! Perfesser James knows eggsactly what he is talking about. He went to school to brother Bill, an' Bill's a candidate fer available Superintendent of the Tennessee Unerver-serty. Go ahead, Perfesser, and explain the thing—'taint everybody that's got sense enough to 'preciate sech things, but I have.

Prof. Gentlemen, I hope you will have no hard feelings over your slight difference of opinion as to the propriety of using this apparatus in the elucidation of geography.

Mr. W. Bet you'r right! go ahead, I'll hold March down!

Mr. M. Williams, you needn't make sich a fule of yourself, because your brother Bill's a candidate. Any fule can be a candidate, but it takes a gol darned smart man to be elected.

Mr. W. Jim March, do you mean to call Bill a fool? If you do, you'll swallow it mighty quick, or Sam Williams is a liar!

(*catches hold of MARCH*)

Prof. (*lays hand on MR. WILLIAMS*) Mr. Williams, you are a little too hasty I think, Mr. March meant no insinuations whatever, and as to your brother William, I can testify to the fact, that he is a gentleman and scholar in every sense of the word; and now I hope you will have no further words over your slight difference of opinion regarding this moulding board.

Mr. W. Bound you'r kerrect, Perfesser, but I jest wanted to let March know he couldn't make slight remarks 'bout Bill when I was round. Now go ahead an' explain the thing!

Prof. (*going to moulding board*) You see, Mr. March, we want to show a child the shape and construction of a lake. Well, we make a slight depression in this way, and then tell the children that it represents a lake, but not so large. In the same manner we would show to them the construction of an island, or any other natural division. Do you think you understand it now, Mr. March?

Mr. M. Well—I—guess thars not so much tomfoolery 'bout it after all, but I'll be swiddled if it don't look mighty like child's play.

Mr. W. Bound you it's the proper thing if he larnt it from Bill. Perfesser, did Bill use one of them things?

Prof. Yes, all progressive teachers, nowadays, use them.

Mr. W. Kerrect!

Mr. M. Say, Mr. James, I guess that thing will sorter do, but my chaps was tellin' me 'bout you having a thing all full of all kinds of beads; an' you'd hold it up before them an' count off two or three an' say, "children, there are three red dogs." Then you'd count off two white ones, an' say, "children, them are two white dogs," then you'd count off four blue ones, an' say, "them are four blue dogs." An'—

Mr. W. I'll bet it's kerrect! If Bill called beads dogs, its the proper thing I'll bound!

Prof. I guess your smart little boys, Mr. March were trying to describe to you a numeral-frame, and they did exceeding well for little fellows. I will get the frame, and explain its use to you, and then perhaps you will think it a pretty good thing after all to learn children the fundamental rules of Arithmetic. (*procures frame*)

Mr. W. Kerrect, I'll be bound!

Prof. You see, gentlemen, we have here a number of balls painted different colors, so as to make them attractive. Now—

Jess Jiggy. (rising quickly) Mr. James, Cranky Addle stuck a pin in me, an' it hurt.

Cranky Addle. (indignantly) If I did I guess I pulled it out agin, and thars the very pin! *(extending pin toward teacher)* Jess is allers making up somethin' to tell.

Mr. W. (turning toward school and pointing fore-finger at CRANKY ADDLE) Cranky, come here this minute! *(CRANKY reluctantly obeys)* What you doin' stickin' pins in Jess Jiggy?

Cranky. He dared me!

Mr. W. Dared you to do what?

Cranky. He sed he bet I wuz 'fraid to stick a pin in him, an' I sed I bet I wuzn't, an' he sed he bet I wuz, an' I sed I bet I wuzn't, an' he sed he bet—

Mr. W. Stop your bettin' an' stick the pin in him, if you are goin' to!

Cranky. I done it!

Mr. W. Sarved him right! Go take your seat! *(pointing fore-finger)* Jess Jiggy, come here! *(JESS obeys)* Do you know whose school you're goin' to?

Jess Jiggy. Yes, to Mr. James!

Mr. W. Perfesser James, you mean! That is Perfesser James. *(pointing to PROF. JAMES)* He 'tended school to Perfesser Bill Williams, my brother, who is now candidate fer Superentendent of the available Unerverserty of Tennessee. Yes, Jess Jiggy, that's *(pointing)* Perfesser James, *(JESSY stares at PROF. JAMES, sniffles, and bites his finger-nails)* and he understands his business you can calculate; an' as you hain't been larnt at home, I can tell you right here that teachers that understand their bizness are called Perfesser, an'—*(raises finger as if going to say something very emphatic)* wipe yer nose an' take yer finger outen yer mouth. Now take yer seat an' no more of yer darin'! Now, Perfesser, perseed to show March the proper way to teach school.

Prof. As I was going to say, gentlemen, this frame is used only for little fellows, and to show you just how it is used, I will suppose Mr. March, that you and Mr. Williams are your or Mr. William's smart little boys *(MESSRS. MARCH and WILLIAMS exchange glances and look pleased)* and we will have a lesson. Now, you see I have here two red balls; now I add two more—how many have we?

Mr. M. }
 & } Four!

Mr. W. }

Prof. Correct, that does pretty well. Now we have four white balls, and two blue balls—how many?

Mr. M. Six!

Mr. W. Six! *(excitedly)* Kerrect!

Prof. Now we have five balls, and add two more—how many?

Mr. M. Seven!

Mr. W. Six—seven—the cutest thing out, or I'm a liar!

Prof. Now we will subtract a little. *(slaps MR. MARCH on back)* Here we have six balls and we take away three, how—

Mr. M. }
 & } *(together, growing excited and pushing each other aside to get nearer the frame)* Three!

Mr. W. }

While this is going on CRANKY ADDIE gets his slate and apes PROF. JAMES, while JESSY JIGGY and other pupils mock MR. MARCH and MR. WILLIAMS.

Prof. You see, Mr. March, to keep the smart little fellows interested we call the balls cows, dogs, and other names sometimes. Now here we have two red dogs, and here we have one white dog, how many dogs?

Mr. M. } Three!

& } (*as they get nearer the frame, PROF. JAMES moves back*

Prof. Here we have three blue dogs, and one white one—how many?

Mr. M. Four!

Mr. W. One, two, three blue dogs, an' a white pup.

(*stamps his foot and laughs*)

Prof. Well, gentlemen, you see how nicely this frame can be used in learning your children arithmetic, and now I think you both will agree with me, that it is an excellent thing, and——

Mr. W. Bound it is!

Mr. M. I'll have to give it up I reckon, but I'll be darn if it ain't mighty like child's play!

Prof. I'm extremely glad, gentlemen, that your slight disagreement has been amicably settled, and now I would be glad if you would have seats and stay awhile; (*MR. MARCH and MR. WILLIAMS whisper to each other*) but if you must go I would be glad to have you drop in at any time.

Mr. W. Like mighty well to stay, perfesser, but March is going over my way, an' wants me to go along an' tell him 'bout Bill.

(*looks pleased—attempts to bow—exit*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—PROF. JAMES in his room at boarding house—seated writing.

Enter, R., MRS. KINSEY.

Prof. Why, good evening, Mrs. Kinsey; be seated. To whom am I indebted for the pleasure of your presence?

Mrs. Kinsey. To myself alone, Mr. James, and my visit is a business one.

Prof. Well, I assure you, Mrs. Kinsey, even a business visit is appreciated by me; and now if I can assist you in any way I'm at your service.

Mrs. K. Well, Mr. James, I generally take my time for every thing, (*folds hands and takes a survey of the room*) and I shall take my time for disclosing the object of this visit.

Prof. Certainly, Mrs. Kinsey, don't hurry yourself at all.

Mrs. K. Well, Mr. James, you have taught us a good school.

Prof. Thank you, Mrs. Kinsey, but I don't think I have done more than was my duty.

Mrs. K. You don't believe in partiality, I believe?

Prof. By no means.

Mrs. K. Treat all alike?

Prof. I try to.

Mrs. K. Uh um; you like all of your pupils about the same, I suppose?

Prof. Yes, certainly.

Mrs. K. Well, changing the subject just a little. How is my daughter Minnie getting along?

Prof. Splendidly, splendidly, never saw a pupil progress more rapidly!

Mrs. K. She behaves well, I presume?

Prof. Manners are perfect; very modest and retiring young lady.

Mrs. K. She keeps up in her classes, does she?

Prof. Most assuredly—if anything she excels in all her classes.

Mrs. K. I would like to ask you a question, Mr. James, which at first would not seem appropriate for a lady to ask a single gentleman concerning her daughter, but you seem to have such good judgement, I cannot refrain.

Prof. Proceed by all means, Mrs. Kinsey. I will be happy to answer you to the best of my ability.

Mrs. K. Well, Mr. James, to be brief—what do you think of my daughter's personal appearance?

Prof. (*aside*) I am caught, but I think I see my way clear. (*aloud*) Well, Mrs. Kinsey, I must confess that (*blushing*) I—I did not expect a question the nature of the one you have propounded, and—and I—I feel rather embarrassed to answer it in your presence, but if you desire I will give you my humble judgement concerning your lovely daughter.

Mrs. K. Proceed.

Prof. Your daughter in personal appearance—between ourselves—has not a peer in the neighborhood.

Mrs. K. Indeed, Mr. James, I am extremely surprised to hear you say so; and yet you prefer to lavish your smiles, your nods of approval, your little attentions, upon Dennie Barefoot?

Prof. Why, Mrs. Kinsey, I can not even guess at what you mean by such words; will you please explain yourself?

Mrs. K. Explain myself—most assuredly I will. It's just this—Minnie says that for the past month you have been particularly partial to Dennie Barefoot, not only in recitation but that you have shown your attentions to her in a way that don't become a teacher to show attentions to a pupil.

Prof. I assure you, Mrs. Kinsey, that I have no recollection of showing more courtesy to Miss Dennie, than I have shown to your daughter, or to any other young lady pupil.

Mrs. K. Uh um; and you think Minnie didn't see you smiling and nodding to Dennie Barefoot the other day in time of books; and more than that, Mr. James, she has seen writing passing between you, and more than once, too!

Prof. I don't want to discount your daughter's veracity, Mrs. Kinsey, but she must be mistaken.

Mrs. K. Mistaken, I'd say mistaken! Will you deny in the presence of my daughter that you and Dennie Barefoot have been passing notes?

Prof. Certainly, Mrs. Kinsey, but even if we had I can see no great harm that would attach to the incident. But, Mrs. Kinsey, I would rather you would say nothing about what has passed between us, for you know anything grows fearfully when once in the mouth of gossip; and I think if you will come up some evening, Miss Dennie and myself can give you a satisfactory explanation of that which you seem to think rather mysterious, although I can't see why that which has taken place between myself and a young lady in no way connected to you, should interest you in the least.

Mrs. K. Interest me? Well you'll see who it will interest! That Dennie Barefoot has been the pet of every school teacher we have had for three years past; and more than that, she and them stuck up sisters of hers have done everything in their power to spite Minnie, and she would have been married and settled down long ago if it hadn't been for their meddling interference; and if Dennie Barefoot and you (*shaking her finger at PROF. JAMES*) refuse to meet Minnie face to face about this matter, the whole neighborhood shall know of your carrying on, or I'll know why!

Prof. Certainly, Mrs. Kinsey, I am more than willing to meet your daughter, and presume Miss Dennie will not object; and now to settle the matter as soon as possible, I would suggest that you let things remain as they are until Friday; then come up to the school-house, and Miss Dennie and myself will meet you there, and I trust we will have an amicable understanding.

Mrs. K. I shall keep the appointment, Mr. James, and I trust you and your ally will do the same. (*exits, R., with cool bow*)

Prof. Well, there's nothing like a wet hen and a jealous mother! The toughest customer I have had by a good deal, but in the end I think I shall come out smiling.

SCENE II.—*MRS. and MINNIE KINSEY, PROF. JAMES and DENNIE BAREFOOT seated on the stage—MRS. and MINNIE KINSEY look defiant, and cast withering glances at DENNIE, who is near crying.*

Prof. Well, Mrs. Kinsey, as you have solicited this meeting, you need not be backward in asking any question you think proper.

Enter, MR. WILLIAMS, R., hurriedly.

Mr. W. Why, howdy do, perfesser, I'm orful glad to see you! (*shake hands*) I don't know as it's any of my bizness to be here, but I'm here, and I'm going to see things settled. You see, perfesser, I went over to your boarding-house the other day on a little private biz with you, an' overheard a little private meeting, so I thought I'd jest come up an' be with you, so here I am! (*turns to MRS. KINSEY*) Now, Sarah Kinsey, what is it you'd like to ask Dennie here 'bout passin' of notes?

Mrs. K. (*indignantly*) I'll give you to understand, Mr. Williams, that we don't need any of your interfering, and I think I am as fully competent as you to ask my own questions.

Mr. W. Maby you be, but we won't argue that pint; but I guess you are jest a little off 'bout doin' of yer own quizzin'. As a general thing tellers that have cases in court don't do their own askin' of questions. I'm lawyer fer both sides on this 'er 'casion, an' if you want any questions asked let's have them.

Mrs. K. Mr. James, do you consent to the interference of Mr. Williams?

Prof. I have perfect confidence in Mr. Williams, Mrs. Kinsey, and I think he will do what is right.

Mr. W. Kerrect!

Mrs. K. Well, Mr. Williams, as you have taken things unasked into your hands, will you please propound this question?

Mr. W. No, I'll be gol darned if I do anything of the kind!

Mrs. K. (*pointing to DENNIE*) Will you ask her if she ever received a note of any kind from Mr. James?

Mr. W. Oh, yes, I can ask her that! Dennie Barefoot, did you ever receive a note of any kind from Perfesser James, who was once a pupil of Perfesser Bill Williams, brother to me, Sam Williams, now a candidate fer available Superintendent of the Tennessee Un-
er-turserty? Answer ermediately, an' no leading questions!

Dennie Never, Mr. Williams!

Mr. W. Anything else, Sarah Kinsey, that you would like fer me to ask this young lady?

Mrs. K. Ask her if Mr. James ever nodded his head at her during school hours?

Mr. W. Dennie Barefoot, did you ever see Perfesser James nod his head at you while he was teaching school at this place, Oakflat?

Dennie. Yes, sir!

Minnie. (*aside to her mother*) I told you so!

Mr. W. Is there any other question, Mrs. Kinsey, you would like fer me to ask Dennie Barefoot?

Mrs. K. (*very knowing*) Ask her when and why, will you?

Mr. W. Dennie Barefoot, daughter of Squire Barefoot, will you please state when and why Perfesser James, an old pupil of my brother, Perfesser Bill Williams, nodded his head at you?

Dennie. It was on last Monday. I raised my hand, which was a sign that I wanted to move my seat, and he nodded his head that I could.

Mr. W. Kerrect! Anything else, Mrs. Kinsey?

Prof. If you will wait a minute, Mrs. Kinsey, I will explain what Miss Dennie has said. It is a rule, that when a pupil wishes to move his seat or speak, to raise his hand, and if I consent I simply nod my approval.

Mrs. K. (*a little confused*) Well, I'd like for you to ask my daughter, Mr. Williams, if she didn't see Mr. James hand Dennie Barefoot a note, and what the writing was on that note?

Mr. W. Minnie Kinsey, daughter of Sarah Kinsey, your mother, did you ever see Perfesser James hand Dennie Barefoot a note, and if you ever did, will you please state to those present on this 'er'casion the perzact words you read rit on that note? Speak at once or ferever hold yer tongue!

Minnie. (*very precise*) About a week ago, Mr. Williams, I seen with these very eyes, Mr. James give Dennie Barefoot a note, and read the words, "Meet me in the Moonlight," as plain as your nose on your face.

Mr. W. (*looks surprised at PROF. JAMES*) Well, I'll swan!

Prof. Mr. Williams, if you will permit me, I would like to make a short explanation.

Mr. W. Kerrect! perseed!

Prof. Miss Dennie asked me not long since, to write for her the words of the song, "Meet me in the Moonlight." It was this ballad that Miss Minnie has mistaken for a note.

Mr. W. Kerrect, I'll be bound! Is there any other question you would like to put to this committee, Sarah Kinsey, mother of Minnie Kinsey?

Mrs. K. (dejected) None; and I would like to say to you, Mr. James, that I regret very much having put you to so much trouble over such a trivial affair.

Prof. No apologies, Mrs. Kinsey! I am only too glad that things have been satisfactorily explained to you and your lovely daughter.

Mr. W. Kerrect again! (*turning to MRS. KINSEY*) Say, Mrs. Kinsey, spozen now we all make up—you and Minnie and the Barefoots have been at outs long enough. All this scrape was caused by them two girls a fallin' in love with Perfesser James, an' gettin' jealous of each other, an' all the time he wasn't kerin' a red fer both of 'em. Now I sez let's make up, an' all go off friends. Here, Minnie, get up, an' take Dennie's hand an' say what I do. (*MINNIE obeys reluctantly*) Dennie Barefoot, daughter of Squire Barefoot, I beg your pardon fer gettin' my nose in the wrong place, an' goin' off on the wrong scent.

Minnie. (taking DENNIE'S hand) "Dennie Barefoot, daughter of Squire Barefoot, I beg your pardon for getting my scent in the wrong place, and going off on the wrong nose."

(*all burst out laughing*)

CURTAIN.

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ACT I.—SCENE 1st.—Home of Fred Grover—Priscilla, Fred's old maid sister—Fred's return from the South—His present to Priscilla, of Gyp, a "little nigger"—Gyp dances—Millie's horror of slavery—Gyp's happiness—Song and dance.

ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Millie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F.
FARCES CONTINUED.							
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1	159	Quiet Family.....	4	4
31	A Pet o' the Public.....	4	2	171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3	180	Ripples.....	2	0
123	A Thrilling Item.....	3	1	48	Sch ups.....	1	1
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3	2	138	Sewing Circle of P riod.....	0	5
175	Betsey Baker.....	2	2	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3
8	Better Half.....	5	2	55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2
86	Black vs. White.....	4	2	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
22	Captain Smith.....	3	3	232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2
84	Cheek Will Win.....	3	0	2.8	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
225	Cupid's Capers.....	4	4	137	Taking the Census.....	1	1
49	Der Two Surprises.....	1	1	40	Th t Mysterious B'die.....	2	2
72	Deuce is in Him.....	5	1	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	38	T e Bewitched Closet.....	5	2
42	Domestic Felicity.....	1	1	131	The Cigarette.....	4	2
188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	101	The Coming Man.....	3	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	167	Turn H m Out.....	3	2
148	Eh? W at Did You Say.....	3	1	68	The Sham Prof ssor.....	4	0
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2
224	fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2	1	233	The Best Cure.....	4	1
223	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	1	2
154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5	3	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	56	Wooing Under Difficultie	5	3
116	Hash.....	4	2	70	Which will he Marry.....	2	0
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	135	Widowe 's Trials.....	4	5
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptiz d.....	2	1	147	Waki g Him Up.....	1	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	155	Why they Joined the Re- becca.....	0	4
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1	1	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	157	Ya kee Peddler.....	7	3
35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5	2	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
99	Jumbo Jun.....	4	3	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
82	Killing T me.....	1	1	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
182	Kittie' Wedding Cake.....	1	3	214	Chops.....	3	0
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise.....	3	0	190	Crimps Tr p.....	5	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	249	Double Electi n.....	9	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law.....	2	2	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	24	Haudy Andy.....	2	0
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	235	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1	1	247	Incompatibility of Temper.....	1	2
23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3	77	Joe's Vis t.....	2	1
208	y Prec ous Betsey.....	4	4	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	256	Midnight C l c.....	2	1
32	M Wife's Relations.....	4	4	128	Musical D rkey.....	2	0
186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	259	Nobody's Make.....	5	2
44	Obedience.....	1	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
244	Od d clothes.....	3	0	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
246	Ot ello.....	4	1	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
217	Paten Washing Machine.....	4	1	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	177	Quarrel some Servants.....	3	0
195	Poor Pilcody.....	2	3	95	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0	107	School.....	5	0

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.
ETHIOPIAN FARGES--CONT'UED.					
133	Seeing Bosting.....	3 0	206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4 1
179	Sham Doctor.....	3 3	210	Virginia Mummy.....	6 1
94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3 0	203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1 1
25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2 0	205	William Tell.....	4 0
92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2 1	156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3 0
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2 2	GUIDE BOOKS.		
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2 0	17	Hints on Elocution.....	
64	That Boy Sam.....	3 1	130	Hints to Amateurs.....	
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3 3	CANTATA.		
122	The Select School..	5 0	215	On to Victory.....	4 6
118	The Popcorn Man.....	3 1	TABLEAUX.		
6	The Studio.....	3 0	250	Festival of Days	
108	Those Awful Boys.....	5 0	PANTOMIME.		
4	Twain's Dodging.....	3 1	260	Cousin John's Album.....	
197	Tricks.....	5 2			
198	Uncle Jeff.....	5 2			
170	U. S. Mail.....	2 2			
216	Vice Versa.....	3 1			



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